Love's Dominion,

A

Dramatique Piece,

Full of Excellent Moralitie;

Written as a Pattern for the *REFORMED STAGE.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

First Edition.



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To the Lady Elizabeth Claypole.

Madam,

I *Preſent you here with my* Love's Dominion, *to which you are no Stranger; having the Art, by your many Excellent Qualities, to make your ſelf honour'd, and beloved of all; Neither is it a Stranger unto you, you having been pleaſed to like it, when I made you but a confuſed relation of it, and will much more now (I hope) repreſenting it more clearly to your view. I muſt intreat you to favour it a little, for never a more Innocenter thing appeared in Court; and I do not know how much it would be out of Countenance, were it not encouraged and Countenanced by you; For the reſt, I dare not Intereſt you in its more publique Repreſentation, not knowing how the palat of the Time may reliſh ſuch Things yet, which, till it*

was diſguſted with them, was formerly numbred amongſt its chiefeſt Dainties, and is ſo much longed for ſtill, by all the nobler and better ſort, as could it but be effected by your mediation, you, ſhould infinitely oblige them all; and in partiular,

Madam,

Your moſt humble,

obedient, and

obliged Servant,

RICHARD FLECKNO.

The

The Preface to the Reader.

THE Stage, or Theater, is but the World in little, as the World is but a great Theater, where men enter, act their parts, and have their *exits*, &c. Tis an Academy of choiceſt language, a Map of the beſt manners and behaviour; and finally a Mirrour repreſenting the Actions of men (and therefore by a better title than that of *Plays*, called *Actions* by ſome, and *Operaes*, or works, by others) propoſing the good for our example and imitation, and the bad to deter us from it, and for the avoiding it.

I deny not but aſperſions (theſe latter imes) have been caſt upon it by the Ink f ſome who have written obſcenely & currilouſly, &c. but inſtead of wiping hem off, to break the Glaſs, was too ri-gid and ſevere. For my part I have en-leavoured here the clearing of it, and re-toring it to its former ſplendor, and firſt nſtitution; (of teaching *Virtue*, reproving *Vice*, and amendment of *Manners*,) ſo as f the reſt but imitate my example, thoſe who ſhall be Enemies of it hereafter, muſt declare themſelves Enemies of *Vir-tue*, as formerly they did of *Vice*: Whence we may juſtly hope to ſee it reſtored a-gain, with the qualification of an hum-ble coadjutor of the Pulpit, to teach *Mora-lity*, in order to the others *Divinity*, and th' moulding and tempering mens minds for the better receiving the impreſsions of Godlineſs. Devotion, (like gilding to matter) cleaving not, nor ſticking to

rough

rough and unpoliſh'd minds, unleſſe they be firſt prepared with politeneſs of manners, and the tincture of good education, for the receiving it; which is beſt taught on the *Theater*, by how much thoſe precepts move the mind more forcibly and efficaciouſly, which beſides the allowance of the *Ear*, have a powerfull recommendation of the *Eye*; And ſure that Antient meant ſomewhat like the Stage, when he ſaid, That *could Virtue be ſeen but by mortal Eyes, it would raviſh all with its love and admiration*, &c.

Eſpecially we may hope it now, when we are rid of our ſullen Maſters, of ſo *Cynick* a devotion, as they would enforce men to ſerve *God* ſpight of *Humanity*, and ſhake us into *Religion* with fear and trembling, not remembring that we are oftner invited to it (in the *Holy Scripture*) with rejoycing and jubilation, chearfulneſs having been always accounted

ted the exterior mark of true piety and devotion. And it is that for my part I labour to introduce, as a thing no doubt more acceptable to Almighty God, *Hilarem enim Datorem diligit Deus*, than to see us go about his service with a sad countenance, and sullen chear. Mean time, let who's list take the *black melantholy Spirit*, give me the *light chearful* one, which has hitherto been accounted the better one I am sure, and wil be still, unless we all turn *Ethiopians*.

And now having reformed the Stage, we may justly expect they should reform the Pulpit too, who preach so much against it, where of late there has been uttered more scandalous and libellous stuff, than ever yet was uttered on the Stage, (especially against those in Authority, I know not from what spirit, but I am sure not from the Spirit of *God*, who commands us to obey our Superiours, without

out exceptions) a ſpirit ſo much the more dangerous, by how much it pretends more Scripture and Religion, than the Stage, for what it does; and you know, *Corruptio optimi peſsima*, that the corruption of the beſt things is the worſt. Neither are we to believe theſe people the ſooner, for their ſaying that this Spirit is *Here* or *There*, Truth and Falſhood ever entring by the ſame ports into the Mind; and tis ſo ordinary now for every one (though contradictory amongſt themſelves) to affirm they have it, as, if this Trade laſt, we ſhall ſhortly amongſt the Cryes of *London*, have every Girl and Fellow crying it in the Streets. Mean time, *God* ſend us the Spirit of *Humility*, ſuch as St. *Paul* had, when he doubted whether he had it or no; a Spirit I ſhall believe a hundred times ſooner, than theirs who ſo confidently and peremptorily affirm they have it. To conclude with them, if I may not

believe

believe a *Juglars* which I ſee, they ſhall excuſe me if I will not believe theirs, which I ſee not, of which there is ſo little probability, as the *Beadle* who ſhould whip it out of them might as well pretend unto it, as they themſelves.

And ſo much for this turbulent and ſeditious Spirit, whom only we intend by what we have writ. And now from this neceſſary digreſsion to return to our matter; For the Deſign or choice of the ſubject, I thought it neceſſary there firſt to apply the Remedy, where the harm was moſt univerſal, *Love* being the generall paſsion of every breaſt, and there to begin the Reformation of the Stage, where its abuſe was moſt frequent, and moſt notororious, its greateſt diſreglement having been in point of *Love*, and therefore 'twas firſt to be rectified, and firſt to be reduced to its right Chanel, where its overflow and debordment was the moſt dangerous.

For

For the *Plot*, I have taken a middle way betwixt the *French* and *Engliſh*, the one making it too plain, and the other too confuſed and intrigued. I imagining one of theſe pieces not like a ſimple *Alley*, where one walks alwayes in the ſame track; nor as a *Wilderneſs*, where one is loſt through ſo many diverſions: but as a pleaſant *Garden* compoſed of divers walks, with variety and uniformity ſo mixt, as one part handſomly introduces you into another, & every one has correſpondence amongſt themſelves, and to the whole.

For the manner of handling it, I have ſo mixt your profit with your pleaſure, as (obſerve it) and you ſhall find a Thrid running throughout the whole Piece, equally interwoven, of *Paſſion* for your *Tender* Soul, *Mirth* for your *Lighter*, and *Muſick* and *Document* for your more *grave* and ſerious; as finding by experience, That the main reaſon why *Virtue* is no bet-

better followed, is, becauſe tis no more delightfully perſwaded, which alſo may be the reaſon, why more ſleep at *Sermons* than at theſe Repreſentations.

For the reſt, I have obſerved all the Rules of Art in handling it, the Scene at *Amathonte* in *Cypres*, never going out of view, nor out of the Precincts of *Love's Temple*; Continued to the End of the Act, to make an intire piece of every Act, and ſome diſtinction (by cleering of the Stage) betwixt the end of an Act, and the ending of a Scene; The Time only from Morning till Night, to which not to add, nor diminiſh any thing thereof, I will detain thee no longer *Reader* with this Preface, but remit thee to the peruſal of the Piece it ſelf.

Perſons

The Perſons Repreſented, and their Habits.

Philoſtrates, Love's Soveraign Pontif, and Governour of *Cypres*: in Pontificial Ornaments, a Tyara on his head, &c.

Euphanes, a Noble *Cypriot* loving *Bellinda*, and beloved by *Philena*: like your antient Heroes in Military array, a Javelin in his hand.

Philander, a Stranger, and *Bellinda*'s betroth'd: habited at all parts like *Euphanes*, but girt with a Scimiter, &c.

Polydor, one of Love's Miniſters, and Confident of *Euphanes*: in *Roba longa* of Taffata unto the knee, white Buskins, crown'd with Mirtle, or Roſes, &c.

Pamphilus, a Cockscomb, Stranger to the Cuſtoms of Love's Dominions: in Ridiculous Fantaſtique Equipage.

Myſti and *Chorus*: like the antient *Egyptian* Prieſts, in long Robes, crown'd with Roſes or Mirtles, Buskins, &c.

Philena, a Noble Nymph of *Cypres*, hoſpitably entertaining *Bellinda*, and loving *Euphanes*: in long Taffata robes to the mid-legg, with a Tynſel mantle

tle of different colour, faſtned on the one ſhoulder, and hanging down under the other arm, ſilver'd Buskins with falls of white Tynſel on either ſide; her hair curled, wreathed, or pleyted, with a Coronet of Roſes or Mirtle, white gloves, a collar of Pearl about her neck, &c.

Bellinda, a Noble Nymph, caſt on ſhore in *Cypres* by ſtrange Accident: habited at all parts like *Philena*, their colours only different.

Flamette, a facetious Nymph of *Cypres*, and Confident of *Philena*: more ſimply and matronly habited than the reſt.

Maſquers.

Prologue.

Hope *In green Garments.*
Fear *In pale Aſh-colour.*
Joy *In white.*
Fruition *In Sky-colour.*
Lover, and
his Miſtreſſe, *All properly habited for the Dance.*

Guards,
Executioner,
Grex of Youths and Virgins, &c.



Love's Dominion.

The firſt Act.

The Scene, a Boſcage, with the adjacent Proſpect of a delightfull Valley, here and there Inhabited, with a magnificent Temple afar off diſcovered.

Scene I.

A Chorus of Love's Prieſts with Aſperges and Thuribles luſtrating the place.

1 *Myſt.*

WE with pure Conſperſions thus,
Sacred rites, and hallowed *Thus*,
To render every Lover true,
Do Element Love's dominions new;
That no heart too ſtrongly beat,
We give his Fires temperate heat;
We give his Waters vertuous force,
T' aſſwage 'um taken in their ſource;

Fogg of perjur'd Vows and Oaths,
Which fair Truth, and Candor loaths,
We purge the Air from, and the Earth
From every fowl and monstrous birth;
For, as some Lands their Monsters fear,
Unruly Lust 's our Monster here;
As others poys'nous Beasts molest,
So Avarice is our poys'nous Beast,
From which, when once a Realm is freed,
Then Love's dominion 'tis indeed.

SCENE II.

Euphanes *in desperate Action of throwing himself on his Javelin, withheld by* Polydor.

Pol.

YOu wo'n't be mad?

Eup.

I will be nothing but
For Love, and for Love I will be any thing.
Pray unhand me — shall *Bellinda*, the
Divine *Bellinda*, who is to Beauty what
Beauty is to others, all Grace and Ornament,
Shall she be banish'd hence to day? and shall
Euphanes live to see't?

Pol.

And shall *Euphanes*,
The gallant, and the brave *Euphanes* die
Only to prevent death? how low
And poorly wou'd it shew? — and that's the worst
That can come on't, -- but I hope better still;

Venus

Venus, the Goddeſs of this Iſle, has oft
Done greater miracles than this, to make one young,
And fair, to love.

Eup.

" Who has onely miracles
" For Hopes, has Hopes but nigh Deſpair.

Pol.

Yet Time's
A mighty Qualifier of Fortune's harms,
And he who headlong throws himſelf into
Deſpair, precipitates his life, whilſt he
Circumvents death, who lets himſelf down into 't by degrees; — But pray conſider, has ſhe not promis'd you, If any in *Cypres* ſhe loves, it ſhall be you? and
Is this no hope?
No comfort?

Eup.

Juſt as much
As 'mong the numerous and unhappy throng
Of excluded Lovers, to ſtand next the door,
Firſt expos'd t' affronts, and moſt concern'd
In the diſgrace.

Pol.

Nay, if you give your ſelf
Deſpair, there's none can give you Hope; at worſt
If *Euphanes* loves *Bellinda*, as he ſays,
What hinders him following her wherſoe'r ſhe goes?
" Bootleſly and idlely does he complain
" Of Winter, who but following of the Sun
" Might ſtill enjoy the Spring.

Eup.

But following an
Eclipſed Sun, what ſhould he gain by it,

But only dark and dismal visions to
His Eys, and to his Heart black
Melancholy thoughts?

Pol.

Well *Euphanes*, as the Experient prove,
There are strange turns, strange mysteries in Love,
Who oft (as by experience we find)
Changes the most obstinate, obdurate mind:
For know, the Temple of Love is not compos'd,
As by th' grots ignorant vulgar 'tis suppos'd,
O'th' dull materials, Of dead senseless stones,
But he has more sensible and living ones,
The hearts of every one which he do's fit,
And apt at pleasure for composing it,
Of which some Nature makes so fit to love,
They with small difficulty Lovers prove:
Others so stuborn and unapt again,
They love not, but with mighty toil and pain;
And those who finally so useless prove
Th'are wholy unfit for th' fabrique of Love,
As in *Bellinda*, ('t may be) you'll see to day,
Offended Love do's cast 'um quite away ——
But far be th' omen from my words, for though
't be more yet to be wish'd than hop'd, it is
Impossible she should not feel Love who
Do's make so many feel it, nor have no fire
In her herself, who kindles it in so many breasts ——
But see *Philena* here makes me behold you as
A thing of pity.
Go hapless youth, and sacrifice to Love,
Whose Deity you must have highly offended sure
Inflicts on you so heavy punishment,
To love one who neglects you, and neglect

Her here ſo dearly loves you:

Eup.

Stay, you will
Not go I hope?

Pol.

Excuſe me, i'th quarrels of Lovers
'tis dangerous interpoſing.

Eup.

I'll warrant you.
Love ſhoots not his darts ſo faſt and vehemently
From either of our encountring eys
You need fear being ſhot.

Pol.

How ever I'll not truſt you,
For in theſe pretty skirmiſhes
None knows
When you are friends or foes:
For now ther's falling out,
Now truce, Now war,
And then
Amity and peace agen.
So if you be foes, I'll not hinder your making friends;
If friends, Love keep you ſo.

SCENE III.

PHILENA, EUPHANES.

Eup.

NOw ſhall I
Be vext even to madneſſe with her importunity,
Leſt truly I prevent her, and with one importunity

Expell another--- *Philema* happily met,
For in you I meet my wiſhes.

Phi.

Moſt happy I, if my hopes now don't delude
And flatter me into deceit. [*aſide*]

Eup.

Thou know'ſt my life
So much depends on th' Fortune of this day,
As ſhould *Bellinda* part hence, I of
Neceſſity muſt part with Life and all,
Whoſe Love the Fates have with ſo ſtrong a Tye
Faſtn'd to my very heart ſtrings, they cannot ſnatch
Her hence, but they muſt rend and tear my heart
Out of my boſom too —— Go prethee, go then,
And in this laſt moment when the Fates are buſieſt
At work in finiſhing their deſign, Indear
Thy diligence, and redeem thy Tardineſs.
"Time is a Treaſure few or none do care
"To ſave till 't's almoſt loſt ——
Thou knowſt thoſe ſofter minutes when Nymphs minds
Are beſt diſpos'd for the Impreſſions of Love:
Couldſt thou but inſtamp me in her boſom then,
And glide a thought of me into her memory, (nitely
Iuſt as ſhe paſſes to the Temple, thou ſhouldſt infi-
Oblige *Euphanes*, and make him ever happy.

Phi.

And my ſelf ever unhappy by't, ah me!
Was ever any more miſerable than I [*aſide*]
To be made confident of my Rivals Love
Againſt my ſelf?

Eup.

What ſhould I ſay more? tell her
How much I love her, - yet that is not enough,

How

How much I Reverence & Adore her, do'ſt thou hear?

Phi.

I do; — & will you hear me now?

Eup.

If th' haſt any thing new to ſay I will;
But of old buſineſſes I pray no more.

Phi.

That cann't be old that's every day renew'd.

Eup.

Rather that cann't be new, that every day
Needs renovation, — but of this enough.
See how thou ſtand'ſt now! as if my life were not
Concerned in thy haſt; Go, prethee go;
And if perchance th'art ought concern'd in't, know
'Leſs thou doſt this to day, th'aſt ſeen the laſt
Of wretched *Euphanes*. *Exit.*

Phi.

And if I do't to day,
The world has ſeen the laſt of more wretched
Philena, — Oh me! I now do ſee
" Love is a burthen two hearts equally
" Should bear, and then 'tis light and pleaſant, but
" Grievous and intollerable when th' one
" Does bear it all alone.
Mean time what ſhall I do? he well deſerves
To find no pity, who affords me none:
But Love ne'r ſtands upon ſuch nice reſpects,
Who there where unfeignedly 't does Love profeſs,
't does never ſin, but in officiouſneſs.
I am reſolv'd to plead for him then againſt
My ſelf; and though my heart do diſavow
All my tongue ſays, ſpight of my heart, (in fine)
't ſhall ſay 't, or I'll not avow it to be mine. *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

PAMPHILUS *peeping after her.*

Pam.

HAy, -- whurr, -- there boults another wench;
The Warren's full of them; and I do but think
What dainty ſport I ſhall have
In ferretting 'um;
The very name o'tl.' place had Attraction
Enough to draw me hither, where I expect
To find all Women as coming and tractable, as
Kids-leather gloves, one gentle pull or two
Will eaſily draw 'um on. I do not like
Your difficil ones, who come as hardly off
As a wet Summers boot; ——
Hey! there's another; and
Alone too? this opportunity
Is the ſhell Love's hatch'd of, and the wenches here,
Like Lap-wings, run away with't on their heads.
I'll accoſt her; -- ſhee's right I'll warrant ye.

SCENE V.

FLAMETTE, PAMPHILUS.

Pam.

FAir Nymph, might I be ſo bold (I pray)
To requeſt the time o'th'day of you?

Fla.

With all my heart Sir, take what time you will,

It ſhall be any thing o'th' clock you pleaſe, for me.

Pam.

La ye there now?
There's never a Sextons wife in all *Cypres*
Could anſwer you more courteouſly.—— Lets ſee,
What's next now? pox on't, we young practitioners
Of complement, and dabblers in Love, (lly out
When once w' ar out of our leggs & faces, are preſent
Of our diſcourſe, -- I, it ſhall be ſo — (you laſt?
And how, and how have you done Faith ſince I ſaw

Fla.

Moſt methodical! how d'ee, and whats a clock?
I'll wager with any one now, next is, what News?
Or ſomewhat about the Weather; the ordinary
Diſcourſe of thoſe who can diſcourſe of nothing:
And when (I pray) was it you ſaw me laſt?

Pam.

Why in *Plato*'s great year, don't you remember it?
When juſt after ſuch an encounter as this, I took
You by the hand, and kiſſing it, offered
To lead you juſt into ſuch another Grove as this.

Fla.

Juſt no ſuch matter,-- pray, pray Sir ſtay,
Sure you do n't remember well?

Pam.

Moſt perfectly,
By the ſame token I offer'd to ſalute you too. [*ſhe puts*
Fla. [*him by.*
I knew you were quite wide,
And out Sir, I? --- not me I can aſſure you.

Pam.

You cann't deny 't I'm ſure;
Think, think, and you muſt needs remember it,

I do as perfectly as if 't were but to day —
And how I told you, having so fair an opportunity,
But lose it, and you'd never have the like agen.

Ela.

Wider and wider still from my remembrance.

Pam.

And that such kind offers, from such kind youths as I,
Came not every day; – and I added too withall,
That I assur'd my self the Nymphs of this Countrie
Were so well learn'd, their Husbands on the mariage
Could teach 'um nothing, but what they knew (night before

Ela.

Bless me! I never heard [*aside.*]
Man talk a this manner.

Pam.

And for your particular,
I durst be sworn first time y' ad Liberty,
After fourteen to walk abroad alone,
Returning home, you found that you had left
Som such odd toys, as your Scarf, your Mask, & gloves,
And perhaps your Maiden-head, behind ye too.

Ela.

Thanks Love, thou hast redeem'd me — *She spies some coming.*
Oh! cry mercy Sir.
Now I remember it
Perfectly well: Lord what a Treacherous
Memory have I!

Pam.

Oh d'ye so? I knew you would at last —
Now she's mine own, I'm sure on't.

Ela.

By the same token, just
As you talk'd thus wildly and licentiously

Philo-

Philoſtrates, Love's ſovereign Pontif, and
Governour o'th' Iſle paſt by.

Pam.

Mas, and I think
Yonder he comes indeed.

Fla.

When I
Addreſſing me to him, and complaining of
Your unworthy rudeneſs, he preſently
Invited you moſt honourably to dance
To a certain ſprighly Inſtrument, call'd a Whip,
Worth a hundred of your *Pochets* and *Violins*
To make ſuch Gallants as you to friſk and caper.

Pam.

I remember nothing of all this now——
But beſhrow me I begin to fear, next *Plato*'s great year
I ſhall indeed, if I tarry longer here.

Exiturus

Fla.

Hark ye, hark ye Sir,
Now I can tell you what time o'th' day 'tis too.

Pam.

I know it now, I thank you, well enough,
'tis time for me to be gon as I take it.

Exit.

Fla.

Farewell then my
Platonique Lover, and a fair riddance—But to
My buſineſſe. I wonder where all
The Nymphs are, that none of them appears. I muſt
go ſeek 'um out.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

PHILOSTRATES, POLYDOR, EUPHANES, *Love's Myſti, Chorus of old, young, and middle age, &c.*

Pol.

AND what diſpatch to the Provincial governours,
Touching Platonique Love?

Phile.

Tell 'um we're men, pure ſpirits, and had no other end
But only the propagating *Ideas* this communicating
Of minds to minds might paſſe, which now has
So ſlippery a way to go:
It's *outre tendance* moſt commonly falls fowl
O'th'Body in its paſſage towards the Soul,
Yet in thoſe colder climats have Phlegm enough
To quench their amorous flames, 'tmay be allow'd,
But no ways to thoſe hotter Nations,
Whoſe ſulphurous Spirits preſently take fire
At preſence of their Miſtreſſes; Nor Is't but with
Much caution to be permitted to different Sexes,
Unleſſe of age more different: for diſtinction
Is the Art of Wiſdom, and who imagins
One meaſure for all Bodies may ſuffice,
And one rule for all minds, are equally unwiſe.

Pol.

The ſacred *Philoſtrates* ſpeaks divineſt truth.

Phi.

So 'mongſt theſe Chymerical ſpeculations,
Like the Alchymiſts great *Elixar*, rarely
Or never are reducible to Art,

And

And practice, it may pass -- An other abuse
They much complain of (and deservedly)
Is the confounding Love with Liking, and
Calling of every trivial passion *Love*;
Each Peasant now who likes but a dairy Maid,
Crying out, He is in Love, profaning so
The Divinity of *Love*, by making him companion
Of every vulgar breast.

Pol.

As every School-boy too
Once past the School, and School-boys toys, next toy
He gets, is a Mistress, whom he straightways courts
I'th' canting language of Enamourists,
Of *darts* and *flames*, and *dying* and *languishing*,
Which he calls *Love* forsooth, so many degrees
Remov'd from't, tis scarce the coverture
Love is infolded in, (a dutious heart,
Obsequious services, and sincere respects.)

Phi.

True *Polydor*, such affected triflings
Are as far from *Love*, as *Valour* is from *Boast*,
Or *Wisdom* from *Levity*; But who can hinder
The ignorant from being ignorant still?
So let us leave 'um, and pass to our other Affairs:
Let the *Chorus* advance singing in praise of *Love*,
Whilst the *Mysts* explicate its sacred mysteries,
To inform, and indoctrinate the tender minds
Of Youths and Virgins in its Religious rites;
For Musick and Poetry,
Are the Language, and the Accent of the Gods,
Speaking unto us in a diviner strain,
And moving our minds with far more Energie,
Than plain dull Rhetorique. Religion

Still

Still entring easilier, and penetrating more
Profoundly, those hearts th' ave softned before.

Chorus *sings.* { *Enter* Chorus *and* Euphanes.

PRais'd be the Deities above.

Old.

We Lov'd.

Mid.

We Love.

Young.

And we shall Love.

Chorus.

Thus by succession we go,
Love to Love connecting so;
Whilst link of Age to Age we knit,
W' eternize, and perpetuate it.

Mysti.

Now our doctrine to begin,
From Love's diviner origin;
Know two different Loves there are
In hearts, incessantly do warr,
Th'on a lustfull brutish one,
Tother *Venus Urania*'s Son,
With his Celestial darts and fires
In chast hearts kindling pure desires,
Distance 'twixt whom as much there is,
As 'twixt high Heaven, and deep Abyss;
As by th' effects you'll easily find,
Since th'one imbrutes and foils a mind,
Whilst th' others purity ne'r can
Admit of blemish, spot, nor stain.

As

As unconsistent too as night
And darkness is with cleerest light,
"For i'th' same place, on the same day,
"The *Swine* and *Ermin* never lay.
In a word then for to tell
What virtuous Love is, mark me well,
'tis a just temper of our Souls,
All vitious extreams controuls,
'tis the gust we have and sense
Of every noble Excellence,
It is that whereby we know
Whether our Souls have sense or know,
It is the main spring that our minds
To fair and virtuous things inclines,
And 't's that and only that in fine,
Which makes men next unto Divine

Enp.

I better can tell you what it is —
'tis a mixture and compound of all
We happy and unhappy call,
'tis a contradiction again
A bitter sweetness and a pleasant pain;
In one word what Love is to tell,
Look in *Bellinda*'s Eyes it is a Heaven,
Look in *Enphanes* Heart it is a Hell.

Exit

Phil.

So now march on before,
And as you have iritiated so proceed,
And finish the solemnity of the day.

Exit Chorus *singing*

Cho.

PRais'd be the Deitys above.

Old

Old.

We lov'd.

Middle.

We love.

You.

And we ſhall love.

Cho.

THus by ſucceſſion we go,
Love to Love connecting ſo;
Whilſt link of Age to Age we knit,
W' eternize, and perpetuate it.

Phil.

Now to the reſt
Of our affairs: Is the Nymph ſummon'd to
The Temple yet?

Pol.

'Tis yet not time.

Phil.

When 'tis,
Be it your care to ſee it done, and all
The rites and ceremonies in prepare
For the great ſolemnity:
This day peculiarly Love is thine
Work miracles on't, and ſhew thy ſelf divine.

Exeunt

Finis Actus primi

ACT

ACT. II. SCENE I.

BELLINDA *ſola.*

Bell.

YE aged Oaks, the ſemi-gods aboads.
And who your ſelves in antient times were gods;
Ye ſilent walks, and ſolitary groves,
Places which melancholy paſſion loves,
You I make only Confident of
My ſecret thoughts; *I love.* O diſſipate
My words ſome gentle wind, in ſuch minute,
And aiery particles, none in ſoft Characters
May ever read, nor ever find impreſt,
This moſt important ſecret of my breſt;
But whe'r my lov'd *Philander* live, or no,
Heaven knows, I do not know
By other Argument than that I live my ſelf,
Have ſo dear ſympathy with him, infallibly,
Were he but dead, I inſtantly ſhould die,
Our *Loves* and *Lives* having but one thrid, one knife,
And once but cut our *Loves*, and cut our *Life*:
Mean time my daily muſings, which only ar
But waking dreams, and nightly Dreams, which ar
But ſleeping Actions, both teſtimony bears,
" *Love's a ſelicitous thing, and full of Fears,* ...
But ſoft, I've blab'd too much I fear,
See *Philena* coming here.

SCENE II.

PHILENA, BELLINDA.

Phi.

MY dear *Bellinda*! and where have you bin ſo long
Without *Philena*! to call me your life, and live
o long without me! to call me your heart, and make
Ae ſuch a ſtranger to your breaſt! truſt me 'tis moſt
Jnkindly, moſt unnaturally don.

Bel.

;weeteſt *Philena*, until my heart was all
Repleat with bitterneſs, I call'd you my heart indeed;
\nd till I was a weary of my li'e,
.eſteem'd yon as my life; but now all the joy,
Delight, and Comfort loſt, *Bellinda* has
My heart and life, being all comfited
n bitterneſs and woe,
t is not fit I longer call you ſo.

Phi.

A ſad Complement, this *Bellinda*, and ſuch
little ſhu'd have attended from ſo dear a friend:
Complements in friendſhip being like *Sinister bars*
n Haraldry, but marks of Baſtardice;
Why ſerve friends, but when cares and woes moleſt,
To lighten th' heavy burthen of our breaſt?
But to be confident w'ye, I much ſuſpect
You are not ſo with me, and that ther's ſomewhat
Of Artifice in't, you decline my company
So much, and make me not partaker of
Your ſecret thoughts.

Bel.

Bel.

Of all I know, I will,
And do *Philena*; but the gods know ther's
Somewhat in my breſt I do not know my ſelf;
You who are my heart, divine it if you can.

Phi.

Nay if you know it not, how ſhould your heart
That's but a part of you? But give me leave
Bellinda to admire, that in ſo general a
Commotion and ſolicitude for you,
You ſhou'd appear ſo little ſolicitous,
So little mov'd, and ſo unconcern'd to day, whilſt all
Are concern'd ſo much for you; Truſt me 'tis
A Temper, or above, or below humanity.

Bel.

I'll tell thee *Philena*, I have conſidered,
That of all Creatures, Man's the moſt ingenious
In's own own affliction, and in's conſolation the
Moſt dull; and that i'th navigation of
This life, in this frail barque of ours, where th' Gods
Are Pilots, and the World the Sea, our ſolicitude
For the future no more avails
Than that of every common Paſſenger, how
The ſhip is govern'd: Whence I conclude that beſt
Way for our quiets and reſt,
Is to leave all our ſolicitude to the Gods,
To whom w'are dearer than w'are unto our ſelves,
They having a hundred times more tender care of us;
And this 'tis now makes me for the future no more
ſolicitous,

Phi

This *Bellinda* for our ſex
Is high Philoſophy, but the gods making

Every one Architect of their own fortunes; what
Should hinder you to day, to make a fair
And noble one of yours? and but declare
You love *Enphanes*, as already you have declar'd,
If any one in th' Isle you love it shall be he.

Bell.

And so I do again, let that suffice,
And seek not *Philena*, I prithy, to advance
An unprofitable knowledge, Time will, but too soon,
Accelarat, and bring to light.

Phi.

Ay me! what says my frend?

Bell.

To explicate
My meaning clearer, too soon, for you I mean,
Are intrest by your Goodness and Gentleness
So far in my Affairs, you necessarily must
Or lose a friend, or Lover by't.

SCENE III.

POLYDOR, PHILENA, BELLINDA.

Phi.

NOw gentle *Polydor*,
What news from th' Temple?

Pol.

All there is in prepare
For th' great solemnity, and only fair
Bellinda's presence expected; Into whose breast
May th' *God* of *Love* propitiously inspire
As many loving thoughts, as ever yet

Were crowded into any's breſt,
Or amorous boſom had capacity to receive.

Bel.

Come *Philena*, let's away then.

Phi.

So ſudden, and ſo unmov'd! [*aſide.*]
I ſuſpect her more and more; to doubful things
We run not with ſuch haſt and Reſolution;
And if ſhe be reſolv'd, there's ſomewhat in't,
That ſhe conceals it from me!

Pol.

'Tis happy Augury,
(No doubt) this haſt of hers: Love has inviſible
Attractions, and chains, which who follows, viſibly
Perceives at laſt, this gentle force of his
Does but conduct them to their greater bliſs.

SCENE IV.

PAMPHILUS *looking after the Nymphs*, POLYDOR.

Pam.

SUch a Wench
Would I give a Limb for now, although I begg'd
On Crutches ever after, and were confiſcated to
The Hoſpital, --- I muſt needs have her; and this
Same fellow ſhall be my agent in the buſineſs,
D'e hear Sir? do you know
Any of theſe Nymphs, I pray?

Pol.

That I do Sir, very well,
What then?

Pam.

Why then I ſhould deſire
Your better acquaintance: For look ye Sir, ſuppoſe
A man ſhould have a mind to one of them.

Pol.

A mind! What mind d' ye mean?

Pam.

Why a months mind or ſo.

Pol.

Why then Sir after a month, for ought I know
You may be rid on't — This is (*Aſide*
Some fooliſh ſtranger, rather deſerving my
Pity than Anger.

Pam.

I hope you do not mock me Sir?

Pol.

Indeed Sir but I do.

Pam.

'tis well you confeſſe it, otherwiſe
I ſhould be very angry --- But ſince I ſee
Y'are a little dull; in plainer terms, I'd fain
Have a bout with one of them; d'ye apprehend me Sir?

Pol.

I think I ſhall do — But know you Sir where you are,
That you dare talk thus?

Pom.

Why, in *Love's Dominions*,
Where ſhould I be?

Pol.

In *Luſts* rather, for Loves is not for you, if you
Be ſuch an one, and ſo as *Loves* Miniſter,
Le ſs you better know to temper your Toung, and mend
Y our behaviour, I command you ſir

Strait

Straight to depart the Iſle.

Pam.

I hope you are not in earneſt?

Pol.

Indeed ſir but I am.

Pam.

Tis well you are ſo, for I
Don't love to be jeſted with I tell you plain.

Pol.

It ſeems you love to jeſt Sir, bnt
Look to't, and ſo farewell. *Exi*

Pam.

Slud, this is the unreaſonableſt Fellow
I ever met withal in my life, a man
Cann't talk of a Wench but he is angry!
Temper your Tongue, and *mend your behaviour*,
When can you tell? Loves Miniſter d' ye call him,
If he teach no better doctrine, he ſcarce deſerves
To be Miniſter to the Family of Love.

SCENE V.

FLAMETTE *with others*, PAMPHILUS, *&c.*

Fla.

WHat? my Enamouriſt agen!
Sure then, being ſo well accompanied
I'll have ſome ſport with him.

Pam.

Gods ſo, ſhe here!
I'll away then. *Exitur*

Fla.

D'y hear d'y hear Sir? pray come forwards here,

And don't turn Sea-crab,- d'ye behold that Gentlemã?
He is one of the terribleſt perſecutors of yong nymphs.
H'as no mercy with him; And's ſo in love with himſelf,
He imagins all women are in love with him too;
Nay, will ſwear it, if they but look upon him once,'---
Ther is nothing ſo cold, as to hear him talk of flames;
And 'twer enough to make a body forſwear love, but,
To ſee how he makes it; --- nay, be n't aſham'd
Of your own Commendations.

Pam.

Commendations d'ye call it? what are your Reproches (pray?
If theſe be your Commendations? [*aſide.*]

Fla.

Then if he pretend (thus
To *Poetry* (that's Riming with him) he wearies *Pha-*
And all the *Muſes*, to find him out ſimilitudes
Of *Rubies*, *Pearl*, *Gold*, and *Diamonds*,
To compare with his Miſtreſſes *lips*, *teeth*, *eyes*, & *hair*:
If not, he is yet a more ſolemn fool in Proſe, (cloaths,
With's ſpeech imbroder'd, juſt like your Maſquing
With Oos and Aſpirations, and never a word
Of ſenſe in them, -- ſee now how he fleers and grins,
The common put-off of the Fool and Impudent.

Pam.

To have an Anatomy Lecture
Read over me alive thus, there's no enduring it.

Fla.

Nay, I'll promiſe ye
You ſhall endure it, and twenty times more to boot,
If I meet with you again.

Pam.

Y'ave met with me
Already, I thank you, but if I meet with you

Alone

Alone, I'll make y' indure somwhat too for this.

Fla.

Threaten'd too? nay then have at you with
Another trick; well Sir, having sufficiently try'd
Your patience, and finding it invincible,
I'll let you see now all the Nymphs here are not
So cruel as you imagin thē,-- meet me but hereabouts
When *Bellinda* 's gon to the temple, & I'll promise you
I'll bring you to the gentlest Nymph in *Cyprus*,
So far from coy, you may do what you will with her,
She can deny you nothing nor say nay to any thing.

Pam.

I marry Sir, & such an one wou'd I meet withall,--
I knew I could not be so grossly deceiv'd
In the dispositions of the Nymphs minds here,
And Constitutions of their Bodies.

Fla.

Look you fail not now.

Pam.

Nay, if I fail at such Assignations,
Call me Eunuch.

Fla. [*Musick.*]

And if I don't fit you, call me fool -- but hark,
The pomp draws nigh, and the procession
From the Temple, dilating of it self,
And swelling with numerous multitudes, fils up all
The spacious and ample Plain.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

PHILOSTRATES, POLYDOR, FLAMETTE, PAMPHILUS, CHORUS, BELLINDA, PHILENA, &c.

Cho. sings

Holy Love that do'st command
In Fire, Water, Air, and Land,
Gently thy commands inspire
To all in Land, Air, Water, Fire,

Philos. [*Enter Polydor*]

Now is the Nymph come?

Pol.

Behold great Sir shee's here —
Know you the reason *Philena* why *Euphanes*
Is not present? [*aside*]

Phile.

He misdoubts his temper,
And therefore wisely do's absent himself.

Pol.

I fear'd some other cause, & am glad he's so discreet —
Stand by there. } *to Pamphilus* } *in his way*

Pam.

What are you there whiffling agen?
Goodly, Goodly, heer's more ado
With your under Officers

Philos.

Draw nigh then Nymph, and t'understand
What Sacred mysteries in every Ceremony
Involved lie, Know first
By this sprinkling's signified } *he sprinkles her with*
How minds ar to be purified } *his asperge*

&c.

Er' they receive the Deity,
Who deigns in purified breasts alone
To make on earth its habitation:
Next for your Eys and Ears by which two ports
There often issues forth, and enters in
Much pollution and sin
(And by one sluce bootlesly we should drain
Out Objects, if by another we let them in again)
Veiling your Eys w'are to conduct you to
The sacred Cell, where far from noise
Of Tumult and the publick voice,
Only attending to holy orisons
An hower inclos'd y'are to remain:
No bosom (in fine) but wholy abstracted and
Sequestred from humane consortship,
Being capable of Divine —
So before (for compliment of all)
We charm you silent, If you have ought to say
Now freely spake

Bel.

Unto the Gods
I need not speak seeing they know my mind,
And to men I will not, seeing it is not fit
They know it yet — what should I say then, but
Behold th' intirely resign'd *Bellinda* here stands
Ready to obey your holy orders and
The Gods Divine commands.

Phil.

Reach us the sacred wand then, whilst we thus
Invoke with due solemnity *silence* to come,
And in its softer chains bind up her Tongue.
Still born silence thou that art } *he wavet his wand*
Floodgate of the deeper heart } *above her head.*

Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o'th' mouth, and Thaw o'th' mind,
Secresie Confident, and he
That makes Religion myſtery;
Admirations ſpeakingſt tongue,
Leave thy deſart ſhades, among
Reverend Hermits hallowed cells,
Where retir'dſt devotion dwells,
With thy Enthuſiaſms come
Seize this Nymph, and ſtrike her dumb, —
Now give us the ſacred veil } *he veils*
To veil her eyes, — thus Nymph } *her.*
We cloſe your eyes tow'rds Earth, and open 'um
Tow'rds Heaven ——
Now whilſt the air you ſweetly move,
Gently excite her mind to Love,
" For Muſick to Religion,
" 's juſt like thoſe who temper and mold the wax
" For th' ſeals impreſſion

The Song *voce ſola.*

WHilſt with her Lilly and Roſie hands
Nature *molds beauteous forms*, Love *ſtands*,
And ever as he does eſpy
A fair and gentle one,
This, this, is for me
To work upon, ſayes he,
And layes it by.

Chorus.

What fools are thoſe then who can miſs,
So groſſly to ſuppoſe
Bellinda, *and mark how gentle ſh' is*
And fair: were none of thoſe
Whom Love's own hands had choſe?

Bellinda.

Philoſt.

Now let the pompous train move on, and let
The Muſick in ſweet harmonious ſtrains,
O'r all theſe ſpacious plains,
Reſounding higher yet,
Invocate Loves ſacred Deity
T' impoſe bleſt end to this ſolemnity.

Chorus ſings.

HOly Love, that doſt command
In Fire, Water, Air, and Land,
Gently thy commands inſpire,
To all in Land, Air, Water, Fire.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Pamphilus, Flamette.

Pam.

Here's a do indeed!
I could have diſpatcht her my way
In half this time, and with half theſe Ceremonies too;
But let her go, and - now if this Wench
Perform but her promiſe, ſhee'll redeem
Her ſelf and this Iſle from my ill opinion; --
And ſee juſt where ſhe comes.

Flamette *Enters.*

Fla.

Oh! 'tis well you're here.
The Nymph I told you of ——

Pam.

I, where is ſhe? where is ſhe? I long
To ſee her.

Fla.

You ſhall find
Sleeping in the wood there.

Pam.

Pam.

Excellent opportunity!
And is she so kind say you?

Fla.

So kind (as I told you) and so far from coy,
You may do what you will with her -- she can
Deny you nothing, nor say no to any thing.

Pam.

And I'll put her too't presently

Fla.

Behold her there,
But look you don't disturb her.

Pam. { *a Nymph sleeping discovered.*

Ah pretty Rogue?
Have I caught you napping? { *at these breaches he looks nearly on her.*
She sleeps as snugg & soundly as
A sucking pigg -- you can scarce hear her breath, --
Shee's handsom, exceeding handsom, I see that,
A very Goddess; -- the gods make me thankfull,
Hey, hey, -- how jocund shall I be? [*Capers.*]

Fla.

Softly, softly.

Pam.

Oh! I'd forgot, -- soft { *he sprucues up himself.*
think she stirs, -- what a sloven was I
Not to put on a clean band to day?
No 'twas only the leaves, -- I'll jogg her softly, --
But first I'll steal a kisse of her whilst she sleeps, --
Ha! how's this? { *he discovers it to be a Puppet only.*

Fla.

Ha, ha, ha.

Pam.

By this hand

A *Maukin*, a *Mammet*, a very *Moppet* with
No more life in't than a *Scar-crow*, or
The *Puppet* of a Tire womans ſtall.

Fla.

Ha ha ha,
Make much of your Miſtreſſe Sir. [*Exit*]

Pam.

D' you laugh too? ſhame on her how ſhe has cozen'd me;
Is this your Gentle Nymph with a vengeance,
So far from coy you may do what you will with her,
She can deny you nothing, nor ſay no to any thing:
So me thinks indeed — hey { *diſcovers the wood.*
This is the Log now
And tother the ſtork, 'tis queſtion which wou'd make
The better Miſtreſſe — only this I may mock
While tother mocks me -- farewell to your Ladyſhip.
throws it away and Exit.

Finis Actus ſecundi

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene, Loves Temple, many paſſing toward it: afterwards

PHILANDER *Solus.*

Phi.

HAil happy land, where if th' Oracle prove
But true, *Philander* agen ſhall find his Love,

Whom

Whom six Moons now have just been in their wain,
And six with light repleniſhed again,
Since in a ſtorm I loſt, whilſt I detain'd,
A wofull Captive have e'r ſince remaind;
Until at laſt releaſt, I ſuddenly
Addreſt me to th' ſacred Oracle, to know
Whether my dear *Bellinda* liv'd or no,
And conſequently to know, whe'r I
Should either live or dye;
When this anſwer I receiv'd,
That as on *Cyprian* Seas I loſt her, where
Venus, Loves Queen, floating did firſt appear,
So I ſhould find her on *Cyprian* Land again,
Where *Venus* fix'd perpetually does remain.

SCENE II.

EUPHANES, PHILANDER.

Eup.

IMpatient of expectancy, I'm come
Hither to the Temple, to await my doom,
Fear of which made me abſent my ſelf before,
Untill in lieu of one fear, a thouſand more
Soliciting my breaſt, I did conclude,
Still more in abſence, than preſence, ſollicitude
Does urge our boſoms, as Terrors do more affright
I'th' dark, than in the light.

Philan.

Strange! th' houſes ſhould be all ſo deſolate,
As ſome Plague had ſwept 'um, and th' land depopulat,
As th' Enemy had mow'd it with his ſword!

But

But see one here to inform my wonder,
And curiosity. — Gentle Sir,
Might a stranger newly ariv'd here, desire to know,
Why all do flock unto the Temple so?
Is't any annual feast (perhaps) they celebrat?

Esp.

No Sir, but one
Meer Accident has produc'd to day,
For understanding which, be pleas'd to know,
That by this Ilands Laws all Strangers, after
A six-months residence, are solemnly
To swear they love some one here, or else
Abjure the Isle: —
Now Sir, six months to day are just expir'd,
Since there ariv'd here one o'th' most admir'd
Nymphs, as ever in *Cypres* yet was known,
And most deserving Admiration,
By tempest cast on shore here, surprizing so th' while
With her excellent beauty th' Inhabitants of this Isle,
With pious error they all adored her
As a second *Venus*, a second time
Ascending from the Sea. Nor was this Idolatry
By *Venus* punished as any crime at all,
Since *Cupid*'s self did on th' like error fall,
Imagining her his Mother, she was so fair,
And so at all parts most resembling her.

Philan.

The Time and every Circumstance agree [*aside.*]
It should be she, — and her Name I pray Sir?

Esp.

Bellinda ——

Phila.

Her name too, then

No farther evidence nor circumſtance do's need,
For to confirm me it is ſhee indeed —— [*aſide*]
And where's this Nymph Sir now?

Eup.

I'th ſacred Cell
Straight to be produc'd to take the ſolemn Oath.

Phi.

And i'ſt ſuppos'd ſhe'll take it?

Eup.

That's doubtfull yet, but this I know,
That leſſe ſhe do, you behold in me here Sir
The wofulleſt Lover as ever yet for love
Sighing and groaning gaſpt out his lateſt breath,
The Dreggs of life, and Harbingers of death.

Phi.

Ha! I like not this —
And has ſhe given you no hope Sir of her love?
For love without hope's but a dry morſell, and goes
But hardly down.

Eup.

Only this Sir, that if any one ſhe loves
Sh'as promis'd it ſhould be me.

Phi.

Nay then you have enough, for Nature gives not
Youth and beauty, but o'th' condition
Of loving, and their ſex gives pledges unto love
Reciprocally again --- But why goe I vainly thus
Hunting with mine own curioſity,
Mine own diſquiet -- I've ta'n in poyſon already at
Mine Ear,
And feel it working -- defend me *Reaſon* from
Thine Enemy *Rage*, and thou defend me *Love*
From thy more deadly Enemy *Iealouſie*,

Thou

Thou bring'ſt forth juſt as the Viper does its brood,
When all its endeavour after all its ſtrife,
Is to give death to thee who gav'ſt it life —
But ſee in happy time variety
Of other objects to divert my mind
From farther thought of it.

SCENE III.

Chorus, PAMPHILUS, *&c. to them*

Myſti:

NOw you Virgins all draw near,
And moſt needfull doctrine hear;
Firſt be modeſt as you go,
For each looſer glance you ſtrow
Will be interpreted a ſnare
To catch thoſe youths that preſent are,
And your rowling eyes betray
A heart that rowls as well as they.

Cho. ſings.

O *Fly then far,*
Glances that are
But ſparkles of a wanton fire,
And pledges of a looſe deſire,
Fly rowling eyes that but betray
A heart that rowls as well as they:

Pam.

Here's Doctrine with a wurren, able to infect all
The young Wenches in the Pariſh. [*aſide*]

Myſti

Then for *kiſſes*, Oh be ſure
Never *Virgins* thoſe indure,

Are but bellows blows the fire
Of Lascivious desire,
But *seals* of *Lust*, and *poyson*, that
Infect the Mind and Body strait;
And your lips with kissing us'd,
Are but just like Cherries bruz'd.

Chorus sings.

O *Fly then far*
Kisses, that are
Incentives of foul Lust, which no
Virgins lips shou'd ever know;
Whose lips once with kissing us'd,
Are but just like Cherries bruz'd.

Pam.

Heyday! no kissing neither?
God help the poor Country wenches then,
For all their sport is marr'd.

Mysti.

But 'bove all Virgins agen,
Look you fly the *Touch* of men,
For you'r flowres, and every Touch,
Does your fresher beauty smutch:
And Youth's a thing so delicate,
But touch it, and it withers strait,
Which once fading in their hew,
Youth and *Beauty* then Adieu.

Chorus sings.

O *Fly then far*
Touches, that are
Things, Youth and Beauty chiefly blasti,
And on them foulest blemish casts,
Which once fading in their hew,
Youth *and* Beauty *then Adieu.*

Pam

Pam.

Pity a their breeding! theſe wenches will be quite (ſpoyl'd
With this Education, and good for nothing, but
To make Inckle and bone-lace.

Myſti.

Laſtly, for injoying, I
Need not warn you that to fly,
For flowers gather'd there's no talk,
E'r to piece 'um to their ſtalk;
And 'tis only that the while,
Makes you ſo contemn'd, and vile,
Men, what e'r they did before,
Never care for Women more.

Chorus ſings.

O *Fly then far*
Your men that are
Only born for to deſtroy you,
Since if once they but enjoy you,
Whatſoe'r they did before,
They never care for Women more.

Pam.

Were not Love's Inquiſition here ſo ſevere,
I could teach 'um other doctrine, whoſe Liberty
Would pleaſe 'um a great deal better; but well,
Wou'd I had my *Moppet* agen,
At all adventures, for that's the likelyeſt thing
To a Wench I'm like to get here, for ought I ſee,
If they be taught a-this manner.

Eup.

By *Philoſtrates* return
They ſhould be coming; oh how my heart does burn,
And throb now, with doubtful expectation
Of the event!

SCENE IV.

PHILOSTRATES, POLYDOR, BELLINDA, PHILENA, *to them, &c.*

Philos.

SO now produce her.

Pol.

Behold great Sir ſhe's here. { *Bellinda veiled lead by Philena, & preſented by Polydor.*

Phila.

If there be any Sympathy
In Lovers hearts, 'tis ſhe.

Philos.

Draw nigh then Nymph, and laying your hands
Upon this ſacred Volume here,
Where on the skins of *Doves* and *Swans*
Love's holy Laws recorded are,
Swear; But ſwear truly, on penalty of no leſſe
Than forfeiture of life if you transgreſſe:
Unveil her there. { They unveil her and ſhe ſud denly caſts her eyes aſide towards the place where Euphanes and Philander ſtand.

Phila.

Ha, tis ſhe! ye Gods 'tis ſhe,
But Oh my jealouſie, tell me ſome one
Skilfull in decyphering Love's Character,
Whether that glance the ſuperſcription of
An amarous heart was directed to him or me.

Eup.

What ails this ſtranger!

Pol.

What means theſe ſudden ſtarts of hers,
And change of colour.

Philo.

Veil her preſently again, ſince ſhe ſo ill
Governs her eys, th'are ſtraying ſtill --- *They veil her again.*
Fie Nymph be more Religious-wiſe
And reſtrain thoſe wandring eys,
Who in objects takes delight,
Brings diſtraction with the ſight,
In their breaſts do never find
A holy recollected mind ——
Now approach her nearer.

Eup.

Now I ſhall know my deſtiny,
And whether I'm to live or die.

Phila.

Now *Philander* thou ſhalt know
Whether ſhe be true or no.

Phile.

Now *Philena* thou ſhalt ſoon
Proove her faith, and know thy doom,

Philos. (*waves his wand*

Proceed and ſwear then, thus I uncharm thy Tongue.

Bel.

Then by Love's ſacred Deity I ſwear,
I love one here.

Philos. *With the waving of his wand he charms her ſilent again.*

Enough.

Eup.

O bleſt voice which heavenly minds applaud
With their celeſtial wings;
Oh me moſt happy!

Philan.

And moſt unhappy I.

Pol.

Did I not tel you it was impossible
But she shou'd Love. O day ever to be
Recorded in the Calendar of Love,
For holy and festival; Which never may
Oblivion, that like a torrent rouls
All things along with't to the *Lethean* Lake,
Abolish the happy memory of.

Phile.

Oh the Dissembler, how she 'as deceiv'd me!

Philost.

Conduct her agen now to the sacred cell,
Where yet an hour she's to remain,
Ere we dissolve our magick spell; (her,
And then with indicible joy we are again to produce
And solemnly deliver her for ever to repose
In's dear imbraces she has for Lover chose.

Chorus sings. [*as she goes out.*]

Rais'd be Love, that does command
In Fire, Water, Air, and Land,
And so gently does inspire
All in Land, Air, Water, Fire.

Manent Philena, Pamphilus,
Flamette.

Pam.

I should laugh now, if I were he she lov'd,
As who knows but she may be enamoured
Of my person, as I of hers, there's nothing impossible.

Phile.

Well, for her sake I'll ne'r trust Stranger more.

Pam.

Fair Nymph, I should desire

The

The honour of conducting you to your lodging, If 't might not be troubleſom.

Fla.

Troubleſom? who doubts it? why
Th'art nothing elſe but trouble.

Phile.

Fie *Flamette*, this is diſcourteous,
And to a ſtranger too!

Pam.

She tels you true, -- pray be gone, (cept
And don't trouble us, - you ſee there are ſome will ac-
Of my Courteſie now, though you won't } *he leads*
Fla. } Philena out
Neither wou'd ſhe, did ſhe know thee as well as I,
But let her go, when th' aſt abus'd her curteſy, (better.
As thou doſt others, to moleſtation, ſhe'll know thee
But this ſudden turn of *Bellinda's* affection
Is wondrous ſtrange!

SCENE V.

EUPHANES, PHILANDER, POLYDOR, *ſeverally.*

Phila.

Bellinda falſe! O ye Gods where then (you
Are Faith and Vowes and Oaths; nay where are
Your ſelves; for I ſhall doubt whe't Love
Have any Divinity now at all, and think
All's but Idolatry, and women that y'ar Angels
Till we make you Devils by our adoring ye.

Eup.

There's no joy like your unexpected one
It comes so striking --- not falling upon
The expectation first, that deads and dulls
The blow. This intermixing difficulty
With Love, and leading you unto the very brink
Of despair, and then hoysting you up again,
There is the Art on't, and that she
Grand Artifex of it as she is
Full well did understand.

Philan.

The more I think on't, the more
It puzzles my belief and imagination, I will
Suspend my faith and patience then until
Her farther Declaration may confirm me,
And give my passions their full carier.

Eup.

Heavens! I am so over-joy'd,
So ravished with't, and in so high transport,
Me thinks like Metors I even walk in Air,
And have nought of Earth about me, nor other fear
But only presently to expire and die
In *Bellinda*'s sweet embraces.

Phila.

Nay then
Were my patience bound in Adamantine chains
I'd break 'um all — know Sir you have
Another Victory to obtain before
You triumph thus --- and perhaps too the Fates
Have provided you another death to die
Than what you fear so much.

Eup. [*Enter Polydor*]

What's that I pray?

Phil.

Phila.

Why, to die by *Philanders* hand, for know Sir *Bellinda*
's my eſpouſs'd.

Enp.

Yours?

Phila.

Yes mine, for all your ſcorn Sir,
And be aſſur'd, long as I live, that man
Is not alive ſhall injoy her beſides my ſelf.

Pol.

How's this? but this
Muſt be prevented [*Exit haſtily*

Phil.

Wherefore or quit and relinquiſh your claim of her,
Or follow me ſtrait to the ſhore, where ſhe firſt
Set foot a land, that ſo that ground ſhe then did tread
May receive one of us dead,
Who cann't be enjoy'd by both of us alive.

Enp.

Although bold ſtranger I might well decline
Thy challenge, not knowing whe'r thy quality
Be equal unto mine, and aſſured
Our conditions are not (by thine own confeſſion)
I being as happy in *Bellinda's* love
As thou unhappy, which makes thee deſperate of
Thy life perhaps: yet know I'll be ſo noble
For *Bellinda's* ſake to kill thee this once my ſelf,
Who elſe might leave
Thee to a hundred more ignoble deaths:
Nor is this Arrogance in me, but Confidence
That thoſe who have honour of *Bellinda's* love
Cann't but come off victorious in fight.

Philan.

Elated by good Fortune, you talk high Sir,
Pray Heaven you do so, --- but Love
Shall straight determine who has the better cause,
Th' injust possessor of *Bellinda*, or
Th' injuriously depriv'd of her, If thou dar'st but fight
In so unjust a Quarrel.

Eup.

Ha, ha, ha, if I dare? for that never fear,
I'll but instantly arm my self, and meet thee there.

SCENE VI.

POLYDOR *with Guards*, EUPHANES, PHILANDER.

Pol.

STay, —
By order from *Philostrates* I'm to
Secure your persons.

Phil.

Mine? [*offers to draw.*]

Pol.

Hold, —
In Love's Dominion, where no force is offer'd,
In vain is all resistance. —
Now though bold stranger the disturbance of
The peace here, and sowing of
Enmity and Dissention in a happy soyl
Produces nought but Gentle Peace and Amity,
Deserves a more exemplar Chastisement, yet here
Wher favors are to th'utmost extended, & punishment

The

The moſt contracted,
Confinement to your Chamber ſhall
Be all your puniſhment.

Phil.

And is't a-this manner then
Lovers in Love's Dominion are treated, not only
To be depriv'd of their Liberties, but of
Their Spouſes too?

Pol.

What Spouſe?

Philan.

Bellinda.

Pol.

And is ſhe then your Spouſe?

Phil.

All *Greece* can witneſſe it.

Pol.

Too much of witneſs already you have here,
If this be true. But this muſt be examined
More narrowly by *Philoſtrates*; mean time
Indiſcreetly have you done in publiſhing a ſecret
Might better have bin conceal'd, which now tis known
May prove *Bellinda*'s ruine, and your own, ——
You *Euphanes* (me
Have your Chamber for priſon -- you muſt along with

Eup.

I obey you Sir.

Phila.

And I neceſſity.

Exeunt ſeveral ways
Guarded.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV.

The Scene as at firſt.

SCENE I.

PAMPHILUS, PHILENA.

Phi.

SO now Sir my humble thanks
For the honour y'a pleaſ'd to do me.

Pam.

Nay Lady, I'll
Wayt upon you in. that's certain, I'm not
So courſly bred, nor ſo ill mannerd.

Phi.

I ſhould be at leaſt Sir, to trouble you farther — and
Engage your courteſie ſo much.

Pam.

No trouble in the world,
tis pleaſure to me rather.

Phi.

Pray Sir excuſe me, I am preſently
To go forth again on viſit.

Pam.

Why I'll accompany you,
And wait upon you thither too.

Phi.

By no means Sir, 'tis to a friend of mine
I'are not acquainted with, beſides I have
Some buſineſſe —

Pam.

Nay an't be to a friend of yours

I muſt needs (as I am,
Be acquainted with them, being ſo much your ſervant
And for your buſineſs, my preſence
Shall no ways hinder its diſpatch.

Phi.

Now I think on't too, I muſt viſit by the way
A friend of mine there lately brought abed, ---
Won't that ſhake him off? [*aſide.*]

Pam.

I'll wait upon you thither too. I
Am the welcom'ſt man amongſt the Goſſips,
You won't think how they love my Company.

Phi.

Tis a ſign I'm none then,-- no getting rid of him!
Oh ſee in happy Time *Flamette* here.

SCENE II.

FLAMETTE, PAMPHILUS, PHILENA.

Phil.

PRithy *Flamette*, an' thou lov'ſt me, get me rid
Of this Im, ortune heer; is more tedious
Than a painful-ſleepleſs night, and worſer than
A *Feaver* or *Catharr*, I am even ſick of him.

Fla.

Oh! have you found him then?
This comes of your complacency, I told ye ſo,
All curteſie is caſt away on him, and diſcurteſie
Is no diſcurteſie to ſuch as he,
Who either brag of favours they ne'r received,
Or el e abuſe thoſe they receive of us.

Pam.

Pam.

I, I shall be sure
Of your good word still, but no matter what
You say, she knows me well enough, and I
Know what I owe too, to such Nymphs as she.

Fla.

Nothing but a blanquetting as I know of.

Pam.

Come Lady shall we go? *offers to take her by the hand.*

Phi.

What shall I do to rid me of this Importune?

Fla.

Why an' take my counsel, a flat denyal's best,
And if that won't do, a good Cudgel; I know
No other way.

Pam.

Come, come, let her talk
Till her tongue's a-weary, and let us go.

Phi.

Still does this Burr
Stick on me?

Fla.

Burr? he is Pitch rather, defiles all those
He touches; 'tis imputation enough of Curtezan
For any Nymph but to be seen in's Company:
But hear you not the News?

Pam.

Huh! she must come
Tattling with her News now!

Phi.

No, what ist?

Fla.

The lamentablest and dolefullest.

As ever yet was heard in *Cypres*,
Will leave, I fear, no heart without a ſorrow,
No eye without a tear.

Phi.

For heavens Love what?

Fla.

Why *Bellinda*,
The lovely *Bellinda*, and ſo belov'd of all,
Who merited to live beyond the natural bounds
Of life, this day untimely is to die.

Phi.

Ay me! how ſo?

Fla.

Condemn'd to death
By our Ilands Laws, for falſifying her faith
To Gods and men, in ſwearing ſhe lov'd one here,
Whilſt 'tis prov'd ſhe was betroath'd before
Unto another.

Phi.

And how's that known?

Fla.

By a Stranger's arrival here
Juſt on the point ſhe took the ſacred Oath,
And proving her forſworn.

Phi.

Strange! but on a ſtrangers bare information?
This may not be believ'd, there may be malice,
And conſequently falſhood in it,-- and may't not be
That other to whom ſhe was betroth'd, ſhe ſwears ſhe
(loves?

Fla.

The Oath you know admits no ſuch equivocation,
Being expreſly limited to ſome one in the Iſle.

Phi.

And ſo may he be for ought we know.

Fla.

What probability of that?
And you at her lodging ne'r know of it! —
No no, her guilt's but too apparent.

Pam.

Ugh, ugh, ugh. [*He cryes*]

Fla.

What ails the Fool?

Pam.

Oh I've loſt the beſt Wife, the beſt Wife
As ever poor Husband had — what ſhall I do?
What ſhall I do?

Fla.

Why prethee go hang thy ſelf,
So we were rid of thee.

Pam.

Oh, oh, ſuch a Wife! ſuch a wife! [*exit crying*]

Phi.

I ſee now (ſtrange;
The man is vain and fooliſh, — but this is wondrous
The patient gods latter or ſooner ſtill
Follow ('tis true) all crimes with puniſhment,
But juſt i'th Act to meet her puniſhment
Declares them mightily offended — I can't believe it
Where there is gain in ſinne, there is excuſe (yet,
For ſinning, but he ſins twice who commits
An unprofitable crime, as muſt be this of hers,
To loſe her life for nothing, for an Oath,
A breath.

Fla.

Unhappy breath the Whilſt,

And

And moſt unhappy ſhe,
That what is cauſe of others living ſhou'd be
Her cauſe of death —— but ſee where *Polydor* comes;
We ſhall know all of him.

SCENE III.

POLYDOR *to them, ſpeaking to ſome within:*

Pol.

FOr the Priſoners now you may reſtore 'um to their (liberties;
With prohibition only of wearing arms,
Death being their Rivall, ther's no fear now
Of their father Rivalſhip.

Phi.

O *Polydor*
Is this news true?

Pol.

Too true alas, unfortunate ſhe the while,
Vnfortunate we, unfortunate all the Iſle.

Phi.

Never gave Fate then a greater document,
If the fair *Bellinda* be to die,
No beauty's proof gainſt death and calamitie——
But this comes of diſſembling, and now I ſee
That Falſhood and Diſſembling are but twins,
And wher t'one ends, the other but begins.

SCENE IV.

CHORVS, MYSTI, POLYDOR.

Pol.

O Welcom, welcom, and in this general dismay,
Tell us, since Love so gentle was of old,
As w'ar by Antient Sages told,
Whence is it, that to day
He so tyrannical and cruel proves?

Myst.

That's Fortunes fault, & none of Love's, - for know,
Love and Death o'th' way once meeting,
Having pass'd a friendly greeting,
Sleep their weary ey-lids closing,
Lay them down themselves reposing;
When this Fortune did befall 'um,
Which after did so much apall 'um:
Love whom divers cares molested,
Could not sleep, but whilst Death rested,
All in hast away he posts him,
But his hast full dearly costs him;
For it chanc'd that going to sleeping,
Both had given their darts in keeping
Unto Night, who, Errors mother,
Blindly knowing not th'one from th'other,
Gave Love Death's, and ne'r perceiv'd it,
Whilst as blindly Love receiv'd it;
Since which time, their darts confounding,
Love now kils, instead of wounding,
Death our hearts with sweetness filling,
Gently wounds, instead of killing.

Pol.

Pol.

Next, pray tell us with what fire
Our breſts are charg'd, that our deſire
And hearts ſo vehemently ſhou'd move
Towards the Object of our Love?

Myſti.

That ſpeculation is more high,
And deeper the Philoſophie;
Know, that from the Impulſion
Of ſelf-divided things does come,
Which ſeparated, are in pain
To re-unite and joyn again,
As branches we aſunder bend,
Forcibly again tow'rds one another tend;
For Nature did both ſexes knit
At firſt in one Hermaphrodit,
Till finding by conjunction ſo near,
Both but more dull, and more unactive were
To edge their Appetite agen
She ſever'd and diſ-joyned them,
Whence does proceed that gentle pain,
And longing appetite to conjoyn again.

SCENE VI.

EUPHANES *to them.*

Eup.

BEllinda to dye!
O ye juſt gods, whom yet I will not blame,
Nor aſperſe with foul imputation and ſtain
Of ſuch a horrid crime, till ſhe be dead;

And then though you ſhow'r down all your puniſh-
And plauges upon my head, (ments
I'll ſay 'twas cruelly and unjuſtly done.

Phi. {*Enter Philander another way.*

O Heaven and Earth!
Why do's not t'one ſink under me? and tother
Fall on my curſed head, am guilty of
Bellinda's death? but yet 'tis needleſs too,
For though they both
Forbear to puniſh me, I do ſo loath
My hated life for't, I'll die in ſpight of them,
If flames, or ſteel, or precipices have any force
To take away a life.

Eup.

To be conducted by Love only to Hope,
And have only a glimpſe of Hope to light
Me to deſpair! if this be to Love and Hope,
Happy who hate, and thoſe who deſperate are.

Phi.

To have ſought her only to find her falſe!
And found her, only to be the loſs of her!

Eup.

Cruel Fortune thus to have lifted me up,
Only to throw me more violently down again.

Phi.

But I dally and trifle, a friendly Sword
Might do me a pleaſure now; and ſee in happy time
Euphanes who for need could help me.

Eup. (then

Art thou there murtherer? compleat thy wickedneſs
And take my life too, *Bellinda*'s but half dead yet;
When thou haſt ſlain me, thou ſhalt find the other half
Here panting in my Boſom.

Phi.

I prethee ſpare
Thy reproaches *Euphanes*, and do not add
Affliction to Affliction; have more humanity
Than to wound a dying man: know I am more
Miſerable already than Miſeries ſelf
Can make me, or thou thy ſelf couldſt wiſh.
Bellinda's murtherer?

Eup.

Yet killing of me thou might'ſt add unto thy crime.

Phi.

But it would take from thine
By killing me.

Eup.

If thou knoweſt no better way
To die, than by my hand, I wiſh thee no
Greater puniſhment than ſtill to live:
The Sword is Angers weapon, faint-hearted Coward,
Grief has a keener one, if thou canſt find it out.

Phi.

Thou adviſeſt well, a ſingle death
Suffices not for *Philanders* crime indeed,
And I ſhall but redouble it, by ſeeing of her die.

SCENE VI.

PHILOSTRATES, PHILENA, *Chorus to them, &c.*

Philos.

THat a Nymph ſo fair and young
Should ruſh thus voluntarily upon
A ſacrilegious Oath, and ſo incur

Her own deſtruction, 's a folly and raſhneſs to
Be expiated equally with a prodigy. ——
Go let a Sacrifice preſently be prepar'd,
T' appeaſe the angry Deity.

Phile.

Too much of Blood
We have already, the water of mine Eyes
Shall furniſh out the reſt of ſacrifice;
As who's ſo hard-hearted, ſo avaritious
Of ſorrow and grief, he wou'd not ſpare a tear
From all calamities, to ſpend it here?
But ſee *Euphanes*. Now ſtill and ſtill
D'ye perſever ill-adviſed Youth to love,
Where y' are not lov'd, and prefer *Bellinda's*
Falſhood to *Philena's* Truth?

Eup.

Thy heart then never by experience it ſeems did prove,
Only to love where w' are belov'd again
Is bargain, and not Love,---
And what, ſilly Nymph, avails it you (falſe,
Toward the obtaining of *Euphanes* love, that *Bellinda's*
Who but collects from thence, no woman can be true?

Philoſt.

Bring forth our ſable robes, and let
The Executioner with the fatal Ax
Be ready againſt the hour expires.

Myſti.

Behold 'um here.

Phil.

Then whilſt we veſt us all in ſolemn black,
Let Muſick make a Funeral doleful moan,
For her, whoſe ſad diſaſter moves the very Rocks
Unto compaſſion.

Cha-

Chorus ſings.

VVO to what we vertuous call,
Wo to fair and ſweet withall,
Since ſhe muſt dye who was 'mo all.

Let 'um ſeek in all their ſtory
They ſhall find ſhe was their glory;
Oh! what heart then is not ſorry?

Come Muſick with thy doleful tones,
Come Sorrow with thy ſighs and groans,
And aſſiſt our grievous moans.

Since all love had of ſweet and fair,
All the world of good and rare,
Is to periſh now with her.

SCENE VII.

POLYDOR, *with* BELLINDA *veyl'd, &c. to them.*

Pol.

ROom, room before there.

Eup.

She comes, ſhe comes; now to declare
A Reſolution great as its cauſes are,
Dar'ſt thou *Philander*, when her death we ſee,
Reſolve to die with me?

Philan.

For my reſolve *Euphanes*, never fear,
I will not ſay to die with you, but her.

Phil. A

Philos.

Now unveil her, whilſt thus it is with pain, { with his Wand he unchaims her.
O open the port of ſpeech,
Shortly by deaths hand to be cloſ'd up again.

Bel.

Ha! what means this deadly Tragick ſpectacle,
This Funeral Livery, & thoſe bloody Enſigns of cruel
And abhorred death! is there any thing can be
In *Philanders* preſence able to frighten me? —

Eup.

How's this? { *She runs & embraces him, and he looks*

Bel. { *ſtrangely on her.*

Ha! he unkindly reject me,
Nay then away with all
Theſe deadly preparations,
The ſhadows of death it ſelf,
The Axe and th'Executioner too,
For one unkind look of *Philander's*
Can kill me ſooner than all the reſt can do.

Philos.

Thy Falſhood Nymph makes him behold thee ſo,
Occaſioning all this affliction and woe,
To ſwear thou lov'dſt one here, betroth'd before
Unto another.

Bel.

And what elſe ſhould I ſwear, { *embraces him again.*
Beholding my betroth'd *Philander* here?
When paſſing along to take the ſacred Oath
And hearing of his voice amid'ſt the Throng
I glanc'd mine eys aſide,
And inſtantly eſpi'd
My dear *Philander*, For Lovers are quick ſighted,
Though Love be blind.

Dal

Pol.

Error of Humane minds
How were we all deceiv'd then.

Philos. [*all ſhout for joy*]

Strange, but ſo 'tis in Religious minds,
Still in high contemplation
Error of humane things is often found,
As thoſe who moſt do contemplate the Stars
Do ſooneſt fall to ground.

Phila.

But that I of all men ſhou'd be ſo deceiv'd!
Knowing my *Bellinda* ſo well, is an Error I
Shall ne'r pardon in my ſelf, nor do I know
Deereſt whe'r thou can'ſt ever pardon or no.

Bel.

Well, well.

Pol.

See how ſhe ſweetly nods, and ſmiling
Out th' reſt do's ſeem to ſay,
Well, well *Philander*, I'll be jealous another day.

Philos.

Away with theſe dolefull preparations then,
And reſume your former joyfull ones agen.

Pam. { *Enter Pamphilus crying*

Ugh, ugh, ugh,
I have loſt the beſt Wife, the beſt wife,
As ever poor Husband had — But ſoft what this?
Alive agen! and in anothers Arms!
How comes this about? this is fine geer I faith.

Fla.

Why thou perpetual Doult,
Thou unconticionable Aſſe Thou; mak'ſt People
Kill themſelves with laughing at thee, If ſhe'ave
Under been

Philander's, both before she arrived here,
And since, and now, when should she be thy Wife
I prethee?

Pam.

Why even when she pleases,
I am ready for my part.

Fla.

I dare swear thou art for any one.

Pol.

See how hand in hand,
These happy Lovers stand,
So lost in joy for their escape from death,
As yet they do not know,
Whether they live, or no.
Mean time you may perceive
By their ey-beams twisted, their fixt regards,
Their unmovable posture, and their minds surprize,
Ther's nothing glews so fast as Lovers eyes.

Philost.

O happy pair!
Now safely to your Port arrived are;
Happy whose former suff'rance and annoy,
Does now but heighten more your present joy;
Happy, who after y'ave so long
On Fortunes rough tempestuous Seas been tost,
May truly say, y'ad been lost indeed,
Unless you had been lost.

Bel.

Oh my dearest, and don't my eyes deceive me?

Phil. { *she tenderly reclines her head upon his Arm.*

My dearest, dearest heart,
Come, come, let's go, and take from Love,

And Fortune both, the power they had before,
Of making us ever miſerable more;
For yet ſome farther proof there needs, and ſome
More true and real joy, to let us know,
Whe'r that w'enjoy be real, true, or no.

Philoſt.

Lead on unto the Temple then,
There to conjoyn them by *Hymens* ſacred hands
In eternal, and unſeparable bands,
And as unto the Temple they paſs along,
Let th' *Chorus* ſing aloud their Nuptial Song.

Chorus ſings.

ALL the joyes that unto heart,
Heav'n & Earth did e'r impart,
All the pleaſures that the Spring,
Or Love, to Youth did ever bring,
All contentments too, that e'r
Yet in any's boſom were,
With a Raviſhment to boot,
At all parts anſwerable too't;
May bleſt Hymen *all, and more*
In theſe Lovers boſoms ſtore,
Till ſatiat with it, they may cry,
To pitious heaven, 't won'd let 'um die,
And to a better life tranſlate 'um,
Where joys, pleaſures, contents ne' tiate 'um.

Exeunt.

Manent Philena, Flamette, Euphanes.

Fla.

And won't you go along?

Phile.

No *Flamette*, to a heart
And pallat ſo ſad and ſo out of taſt as mine,

No

No Muſick, no Feaſt can reliſh, and the ſight
Of others wealth and happineſs, wou'd but make me
More ſenſible of mine own poverty and miſery;
Let them abound with happineſs then, and ſurfet with
Deliciouſneſs, I envy not their fortunes,
But pity and lament my own.

Fla.

Excellent ſweetneſs! Heaven's my witneſs I
Heartily pitty her.

Phi.

But ſee where *Euphanes* ſtands, turn'd muſing Statua;
Who knows but now may be the fitteſt time
To move my Sute again? to love beyond
The poſſibility of enjoying, is Hope
Too far ſtretcht beyond the end of Love;
I'll try then, now *Bellinda*'s love
Is probably extinct in him, whether *Philena*'s yet
Have any flame to enkindle it again, —
Euphanes —

Eup.

Hence troubleſom and importune, ---
Out of how profound a ſlumber, and ſweet
Reverie has ſhe awak'd me, whilſt I imagined
With grateſull Error, *Philander*'s happineſs
Might poſſibly have been mine own, had Love
And Fortune pleas'd, -- the more fool I the whilſt,
Who with theſe fancy'd joyes, and imaginary wealth,
But feed my Thoughts, whilſt I am ſtarv'd my ſelf.

Phile.

Cruel and pittyleſs! Is this then all the thanks,
And reward I have, for preferring thy Loves
Int'reſt to my own? and betraying mine own
Love, in pleading for thee to *Bellinda*
Againſt my ſelf?

Eup.

Eup.

And what's the effect of it?

Phile.

Th' ingratefull only judge by the Event,
The Gratefull by the Act and the Intent;
Thy face belies thy heart, for that is gentle,
And full of Love; but with my heart now what
Shall I do, ſince thou, whoſe 'tis, reject'ſt it?
Wou'd I cou'd gratifie thee with it any wayes,
Though I tore it out of my boſom.

Eup.

Prithee
If thou't gratifie me, let me never ſee thee more.

Exit abruptly.

Phil.

And ſo perhaps (cruel as thou art,)
Thou never ſhall't;
My mind condenſes with multitude of thoughts
I feel tranſporting me to ſomwhat high and brave --
Let's ſee; -- but for that which we approve our ſelves,
And cann't b' approv'd by others until 't be done,
There needs but ſmall deliberation. —
Flamette, a word with thee.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PHILENA, FLAMETTE,

Phi.

FLamette,
Thou knowst the secrets of every herb and plant,
And nothing's in Nature so hidden and abstruse,
Thou penetrat'st not with thy skill; Amongst the rest,
I remember th'other day,
Feeding thy Flocks i'th' pasture there below,
And spying suddenly one of thy tender Lambs
All-trembling, stretching out its fainting limbs,
And closing its dying eyes, thou straight cryedst out
A venumous herb had poyson'd it, and bidst
Lyciſca bear him to the River with all speed,
And drive thy Flocks from thence. ——

Fla.

'Tis true; —— and what of this?

Phile.

Nothing, but the seeing these wondrous effects,
Gives me a curiosity to learn of thee
A little of thy skill; and to know what herb it is
That works so by surprize, it steals away
A Life so insensibly, one scarce perceives it, ——
A friendly office it might do to some,
Who weary of living fear not so much to die,
As the pains devancing death ——

Fla.

Take heed *Philena*,
This is a Curiosity more dangerous

Than

Than knowing the cheats of Gaming, by how much
Is more precious than coyn, — and thoſe (life
Who know theſe tricks, tis fear'd at need will uſe 'um.

Phil.

Thou art deceiv'd, they'd rather know them to
Avoid them; therefore I prethee tell me
What herb 'twas.

Fla.

If you deſire, as you ſay, to learn my skill,
I'll teach you the natures of a hundred
More ſoveraignly vertuous.

Phi.

Malicious wench!
That wilt not underſtand me.

Fla.

I fear I underſtand you but too well.

Phi.

Muſt I be put to't then,
To diſcover a ſecret to thee that concerns
My life ſo nearly?

Fla.

I, that's it I fear.

Phi.

Yet why ſhould I diſſemble?
Diſſimulation is child of Fear,
And how fearleſs are thoſe who are reſolv'd to dy,
Not only of thoſe leſſer Tyrants, Want,
And Miſery, but of thoſe greater, Love,
And Fortune, of whom now I qnit all my fears,
Being Deaths ſubject, and no longer theirs --
Know then ſince thou't needs know't, aweary of
Repulſe upon repulſe, aweary of
Euphanes ſcorns, and finally aweary of

My wretched being, I am resolved to die.

Fla.

Ah! far from so gentle a bosom be
So cruel thought.

Phi.

They are rather cruel wou'd divert me from't;
Cruel as those wou'd keep poor wretches still
Upon the Torture, rather than dispatch their pain.

Fla.

But d'ye know what 'tis to die?

Phi.

I know what 'tis to sleep; the afflicted'st ease,
Repose o'th' weary, comfort of the distrest,
When all our troubles, all our cares do cease;
And sleep, and death; but in the length, and the
Continuance nothing differ, so as deferring
My death, thou but defer'st my happiness,
For know *Flamette* when life is misery,
'tis hapiness to die.

Fla.

You talk the while
As if all were fabulous of the other world,
Furies there were none, nothing
Their Torments, and no
Gods to punish those Impiously leave
There stations here on Earth e'r they command.

Phi.

Troublesome ignorance; those who understand
Their Language, the Gods perpetually command:
So when we virtue eagerly persue,
They bid go on; when we abstain from ill
By repentance or avoidance, it is they who still
Recall us, or prohibite us, and finally;

When

When we feel in us a desire to leave this life,
'tis they infallibly command us for to die.

Fla.

But consider ——

Phi.

Prithee no more consideration; *Flamette* I ask help,
Not counsell of thee, wo't do
What I desire?

Fla.

I'll see.

Phi.

Nay, who give us doubtfull help,
Do but deny us in necessity;
Say 't shall be done, yet that's too slow, prithee say
'tis done.

Fla.

Since bootless 'tis to deny you, I'll but run
To th' mead, and instantly be here again.

Phi. [*Exit Fla.*

Thou shalt find me in the Cipress grove —
So now my minds at ease, and it rejoyces me
To think how I shall triumph over Love
And Fortune, yet o'r Love for *Euphanes* sake(Fortune
I'll do't more gently, and not insult too much; but o'r
I'll march in state, while she to her despite shall see't
How I'm above her, now tramples me under feet. ——
But stay, being to divest me of this life,
And strait to die, 'tis requisit I make
My latest Legacy; first then my sufferance I bequeath
To desperat Lovers, my constancy to death,
My sighs to th' winds, to th' ocean my tears,
To *Bellinda* my hop'd-for joyes, (fears
To *Euphanes* my memory; and lastly, my hopes and

To those wou'd live in longer misery;
Philena will not; for the rest,
All other passions die with us, only Love
Accompanies us to th' blest Mansions above.

Exit.

SCENE II.

PAMPHILUS *leering after her.*

Pam.

JUst like a Dogg with's mouth watering at
A Frumetty pot had scalded his chops before, (me;
I look after these Wenches now, who ar all too hot for
Besides, that which keeps me most in aw, (here
Is the inkling I have of an odd punishment they have
To marry unruly Youngsters to old women, just
Like Doggs noted, beyond all possibility
Of ever heating 'um, and this they call forsooth
Mortification, in the Devils name,
A good cooler for him, but too cool for me. (Gallant,
But see where my *quondam* wife comes here with her
Who took her from me, my stomack rises at him, —
Scurvy fellow, - none but my wife serve his turn? —
A little thing would make me bumbast him, —
If I thought he would not bumbast me agen.

{ *Exit Grumbling, and looking*
{ *spightfully towards* Philander

SCENE

SCENE III.

PHILANDER, BELLINDA.

Bel.

NAy I could tel you too
A hundred other ſtories, as how the Cabin,
Wherein y'ad incloſ'd me from ſeeing
The danger of the ſtorm, by a violent wave
Being waſht away, and driven here on ſhore,
I ever ſince have only ſuſtain'd my life,
With expectation of your arrival here;
My dreams, the faint ſhadows of our waking thoughts,
And oftentimes obſcure repreſentations
Of future Events, being ſo favourable ſtill,
To promiſe me that happineſſe, and your life,
Til at laſt, wearied out with long expectancy,
And my ſix moneths Reſidence here almoſt expir'd,
I took reſolution to abjure the Iſle,
And depart in ſearch of you, juſt as you arived here,--
Mean time, I'll warrant ye, you ne'r thought of me?

Phil.

Alas! no ſooner I ſaw
Your danger, and was o'th' point
(Had I not violently been withheld)
To caſt my ſelf after you into the Sea,
But Pirats making towrds us
All reſiſtleſs took us Captives, we paying ſo
At expence of our Liberties the Ranſom of our Lives,
So ſtraightly guarded the whilſt, as till th'other day
I was releas'd, (I as ſoon cou'd tell
To ſend to th' other world, as well

As when you were) when repairing to
The Oracle, by its directions I found you out ——
But tell me,
How have you past your time here ever since?
And pray, who is that *Philena* and that *Euphanes*
Y'ave contracted so straight an Amity withall?

Bel.

O y'ar jealous ar ye?-- I could find in my heart I faith
To defer answering you, til I had inform'd my self
What Mistresses you have had since I saw you last--
But not to hold you longer in suspense,
Know that *Philena* is a noble Nymph
Of *Cypres* here who when I was cast on shore
First found me, and hospitably entertained me,
And *Euphanes* one wou'd needs love me against my Will:
To avoid whose importunity,
I promis'd if any in the Isle I lov'd
It shou'd be him; now are you satisfied?
Or shall I bring you all *Cypres* to testifie
How like a *Salamander* midst of other flames,
To all their admirations, I have still lived here as cold (as Ice,
And yet you are jealous?

Phi.

Not jealous sweet, but so covetous of the dear
Treasure I've in thy Love, as I confess
When thou prayest in the Temple to the Gods above,
I ev'n do grudge 'um part of it.

Bel. { She inclines her head gently on his bosom.

Fie, to those who have given't you all?
That is too much *Philander*, —but oh my dear
What wou'd I have given a few days since for
The happiness I now injoy, to which,
Through how many miseries have I past?

DI:

Phil.

That, deareſt, is it that gives our preſent joyes
The ſweeter taſt and reliſh, none being more
Happy than thoſe were miſerable before;
But who are theſe come here?

Bel.

Some neighbour Swains it ſeems,
Who in kind expreſſions of their loves, are come
To preſent us with ſom Paſtoral ſkew, or Rural masque.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE *to them, and divers others, preſſing to behold the Paſtime, and incompaſſing* PHILANDER *and* BELLINDA, *who ſeat themſelves:* POLYDOR, EUPHANES, FLAMETTE, *entring afterwards.*

Pro:

WE, whoſe due Affections move
Us to congratulate your Love,
Are come in Dance, to perſonate
The Emblem of a Lovers ſtate;
As how wav'ring 'twixt *Hopes* and *Fears*
He ſtands diſtracted, till appears
The Miſtreſſe of his ſoul and mind
To's love propitiouſly enclin'd,
When *Hopes* and *Fears* no more annoy,
But are converted all to *Joy*.

The Dance.

Expreſſing in its Figure all that formerly hath been declared under the abſtract perſons of Hope *and* Fear, *with the* Lover, *&* Fruition *&* Joy, *with his* Miſtreſs, *all ſix properly Habited, &c.* Fear *with doubtfull and trembling pace,* Hope *more confident; the* Lover *as he converts himſelf to th'one or th'other, participating their ſeveral Affections, till at the Entrance of his* Miſtreſs *the Dance changes into a more ſprightly Meaſure; at the end of the Dance,* Enter Polydor *diſtractedly, with* Flamette.

Pol.

Can Joy be ne'r ſincere, but ſtill ſome grief
Be intermixt, to bitter all its ſweets?
And is there nothing permanent here below,
But all, like th' Sea, perpetually muſt ebb and flow?
Away with all light jollity then, and lets
With heavy ſorrow prepare to weep again.

Bel.

Alas! for what?

Pol.

For poor *Philena*, who yonder lies
A dying, or rather by this time dead,
The lamentableſt ſpectacle was ever exhibited
On Fortun's Theater!

Bel.

Alack! alack, the woful day! } *to Euph. entring & off'ring to go out a-*
Pol. } *gen ſeeing Philander and Bellinda.*
Nay, nay, draw nigh,
Know you that hand? read there,
Cruel as thou art, if thou canſt without a tear,
And whē th'aſt read it, thou muſt have a heart of ſtone

O-

Or rather none at all, if 't be not mollified with't,
By *Philena*'s own hand writ 'twixt tears and blood,
Who, after thrice ſhe had cried out on *Euphanes*
Name, - as if 't were he, cruel he alone that kill'd her,
Poor Gentle ſoul ſhe dyed.

Fla.

Cruel, barbarous *Euphanes*,
Nurs'd ſure with *Tygers* milk, if a *Tygers* ſelf
Were not the Damm of thee.

Eup.

What writes ſhe here? [*reads.*]
Farewel my beſt Euphanes, *from her, who ſince ſhe cou'd not live thine, choſe to die thine at leaſt.* Philena.
— Hum!

Fla.

Now triumph in your victory,
And glory in your triumph, to have ſlain
An innocent Nymph, with ſcorn and with diſdain,
So great a glory t' ye, as *Euphanes* name
'Mongſt Nymphs and Virgins ſhall ever be the mark
Of infamy and ſhame, to ſhoot their hatreds at.

Bel.

But why defer we to ſeek her out, and ſee
If poſſibly there may be any remedy yet
To ſave her life?

Eup.

I am awak'd
By their reproaches, but much more
By ſomwhat here within, now lets me ſee
I was to blame to uſe her ſo cruelly,
And now I perceive, for all our corporal and
External ſight, we nothing ſee, till Heaven
Do give our ſouls within Internal light —

And

And art thou dead for me, for me?
O extremity of love, beyond even life it ſelf —
And ſhall I nothing do for thee again?
I, it ſhall be ſo, thou'ſt got the ſtart
Of honour of me, but I may o'retake thee yet.
[*Exit haſtily*]

PAMPHILUS.

Pam.

NOt ſo faſt I pray,
H'ad like to overthrown me,
And I'm little better than overthrown already — for
No Wenches! no Wenches! for love nor money;
Tis a hard caſe, this you'll ſay — but I'm
Well enough ſerv'd, I long'd for change of Paſture,
And ſee what's come on't,
I ſhall return home again nothing
But skin and bones --- but no fleſh at all to be got---
But ſoft, what's this? --- { He ſpies Philena as ſhe is diſcovered lying dead.
What another *Moppet*?
They ſhall catch me no more I'll warrant 'um,
They know what baits to lay for me it ſeems,
And would make a Gudgeon of me,
But I'll watch 'um well enough for that.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

PHILOSTRATES, MYSTI, *attendants, &c.*

Phil.

A Nymph ſlain in our woods!
Unheard of prodigie, there are no ſavage beaſts
And much leſſe men ſo ſavage and barbarous
To violate the lives and Honours of our Nymphs —
Stay, is not that ſhe there? alas it is
Too true, behold *Philena* dead —

Pam.

Hum *Philena*, 'tis a ſtrange caſe this
One cannot know the *Mopets* from theWenches here,
They are all ſo dead and ſpiritleſs.

Myſti:

Stay! who is that
Stands ſuſpitiouſly there, is't not he has murther'd her?

Philos.

Ceaze on him, and till he can acquit himſelf
Of the crime, let him ſtand charg'd with it.

Pam.

Ah! now I'm paid
For my following of Wenches,
No warning, no warning wou'd ſerve my turn,
And ſee what comes on't:
Now if I be hang'd, what a goodly exhortation
Shall I make, with an — oh good people,
Let all young men take warning by me; for
This comes of following of Wenches,
I've been a wicked liver in my days,
And one o'th' greateſt Wenchers — and

See what 't has brought me to,
The Gallows, a wry-mouth, a neck as long
As a Cranes, and ſo with a thump on the breſt,
There 'll be an end of *Pamphilus*.

SCENE VII.

BELLINDA, PHILANDER, FLAMETTE, *&c. to them* EUPHANES *after.*

Bell.

I, Here ſhe is —
Reſt gentle ſoul, and may nought heavy lie
Upon thee, to preſs thee to the ſhades beneath,
But ever in the *Elizian* fields, among (ard
The bleſſed Quires o Lovers, mayſt thou be honor'd,
Adored as Love's *Martyr*, and in his Kalendar
Be ever recorded as a Rubrique *Saint*;
Mean time, upon thy Anniverſary day,
Each year, we'll pay our vows unto thy Tomb,
And to the King and Queen of Shades erect
Two graſſie Altars, whereon wee'll offer our
Libations every year, ſo as all living Lovers
Envying thee, ſhall wiſh them dead to have the like
Obſequies; and laſtly, wee'l
Inſcribe an Epitaph on thy Sepulcher,
In reading which, all paſſing by ſhall know,
A gentler ſoul walks not i'th' ſhades below.

Eup. [*Enter Euphanes.*

Room, room, for the moſt concern'd
In this *Cataſtrophe* -- Fair ſweeteſt flower,
By rigid Winter of *Euphanes* frowns and ſcorns

Un-

Untimely dead, what parentations
Shall wretched *Euphanes* uſe now, to appeaſe
Thy angry Ghoſt?
And with what ſad Libations ſhall I invoke
Thy bleſſed *Manes*? take here this hair of mine [*tears*
I offer on thy Tomb; and faireſt ſoul, [*his hair.*
For ever wayl'd, for ever pitty'd, if
Thou't deign to look upon me from the Groves
Of fair *Elizium*, behold, behold
Euphanes ſo ſtrangely metamorphoſed,
Who living lov'd thee not, he now loves thee dead,
Thus ready with's life to expiat the crime
Which he committed, in being the loſs of thine.

Fla. { *offers to kill himſelf, & is withheld by* Flamette.

Hold, hold, and know
Philena is not dead.

Eup.

We trifle both, — away.

Fla.

I adjure the ſacred deity
She is not, but only by my Art entranc'd,
So deceiving and deluding her deſpair;
In witneſs of't, beſprinkle but her face (again
With water, and you'll ſee ſhe'll inſtantly return to life

Eup.

Nay, if water may revive her, no other than my tears
Shall have the honour of't, [*he weeps over her*
And if thoſe will not do't,
I'll let out all my blood on her to boot.

Bel.

Oh! happy we if this be ſo.

Fla.

See, ſee, ſhe begins to ſtir already.

Phi

Pam.

Marry and I'm glad on't, for I began to ſtink
With the fright they put me in.

Phi.

Ha! where am I? in Hell I cannot be
Since *Euphanes* who's my Heaven is here with me,
Nor can I be in Heaven, until I know
Whe'r *Euphanes* will be kind to me or no.

Eup.

Alas, alas, 'tis I rather my dear *Philena* am
In Hell until I know
Whe'r thou canſt forgive my unkindnes to thee or no.

Phi.

Nay, if't only does depends on that,
There is no fear, I can reſolve thee ſtrait,
W'ar both in Heaven *Euphanes* ſince for me,
I do deſire no greatet Heaven than thee.

Philos.

Joy unto both, and joy then to us all
In the acceſſion to our Feſtival,
O'th' glad conjunction of this happy pair,
I'th' joy of which each has peculiar ſhare;
Let us conduct 'um to their marriage then,
And whil'ſt to th' Temple they are going,
Tell 'um this moſt worth their knowing.
Love that tends but too enjoying
Is ſatiate ſoon and eas'ly cloying,
Only that o'th' Soul ſtill do's
Wax perfecter, and more laſting grows.
So we compare thoſe light deſires,
Only unto blazing fires,
Whilſt theſe like fire o'th' Element,
Laſt always, and are never ſpent.

Now

Now what will *Bellinda* and *Philander* do?

Phi.

For us here, where we have found our happineſs,
We are reſolv'ed, better to conſerve it, even to remain,
And exchange our native Country for this happy ſoil.

Pam.

Beſhrew me ſo wo'n't I, (I be had;
For I've enough on't, if there be no Wenches here to
Perhaps I may come here again when I'm old,
And have a mind to be good.

Pol. (like thoſe
Mean time who put off goodneſs to old age, are juſt
Who defer their Creditors till all their moneys ſpent.

Philos. {*to Philander & Bellinda.*}
For you,
What ſhould we ſay then for Concluſion,
But y'ar moſt welcom to *Love's Dominion.*

All [*to the Auditors.*]
Y'are moſt welcom to *Love's Dominion.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

FINIS.